



Bully  
*Betrayal*  
Ep.8

The Bully Breeds the Bride

DEX O'DONALD



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**By Dex O'Donald**

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Smashwords Edition

**1.**

My best friend Johnny has fucked almost every girlfriend I've ever had. It started in high school. Our friendship I mean, not the fucking of my girlfriends. That came later. He started doing that in college, and somehow continued doing it until we were well into our twenties. I know what you're thinking. I'm a cuck, right? A pervert? You would only be half right. I never agreed or consented to any of it. You see, Johnny and I's friendship was a bit strange. He wasn't always very nice to me, and sometimes felt more like a bully than a best friend. But still, we did everything together. And even when he was picking on me, it felt like it came from a place of love.

I started to feel differently about Johnny the first time he cuckolded me.

My girlfriend freshman year was Tina. We had the same Chemistry class together every Thursday morning. Study partners turned into make out sessions and make out sessions turned into feelings. We were dating six months when she met Johnny for the first time.

"I'm Tina," she said with a devilish smile. Her lips were blush red that day, and she'd just come from tennis. Her sports bra was soaked through, her tight tummy revealed above a short white skirt. Her jet-black hair was tied back in a high ponytail, I always thought it was so cute that way it wagged around when she played.

"Little Tina, how nice," Johnny's shark smile dripped. His shag of brown hair was disheveled but still handsome, his calling card curls hanging above his eyes.

"Little Tina?" she flirted back, "so what am I supposed to call you Big Johnny?"

“I mean, you probably should,” he laughed, “although I like the name Giant Jonny better. Has a nicer ring to it, don’t you think?”

They flirted in our tiny dorm room, Johnny’s messy bed just a few feet away. I remember this sick feeling starting to creep into my lower stomach, like my body sounding danger. They kept talking but all I could see was Tina’s body language; the way she wiggled around in front of him, shifting from one foot to the other. She held her hands together behind her back so that all her assets were accented, her small breasts perky and pointing.

“Do you work out at the university gym?” she asked.

“On Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays I do,” he dropped down onto his unkempt bed and rested his back against the wall so that his legs hung over the side. He wore red basketball shorts, and nothing else beneath. For as long as I knew Johnny, he hated underwear. Said that his cock was too fat and his balls too low. “I’m at a boxing gym on the southside the rest of the week. More challenging workouts, know what I mean?”

Tina knew what he meant. Without realizing she was doing it, she followed him to his bed. After a moment she sat down on the edge as they continued to chat. I shuddered watching them, neither of the two having so much as glanced in my direction in the last ten minutes.

“Hey Franklin!” Johnny shouted at me, pulling me from my ominous daze. “Run down the hall to the common room and get me a Gatorade. I need to recharge from my workout.”



It was not uncommon for Johnny to boss me around. In fact, I'd grown accustomed to it over the years, and I rarely protested. If I did, Johnny would most likely put me in a head lock or hold me down and tea bag me. When he asked me in front of Tina, something in my gut told me not to go, not to leave them alone together.

"Huh? Nah, man. Tina and I were just stopping in for a sec and we were going to- "

"Blah blah blah, Franklin. Can you shut the fuck up and go get me a Gatorade please?"

Tina giggled, covering her mouth but keeping her eyes on Johnny. I took long strides to the common room on the bottom level of the dormitory, moving as quickly as I could without running. The way he looked at her, the way she looked at him, it made me physically ill. Instinct told me to get back there as quick as I could. When I got to the vending machine, I hurriedly stuffed a dollar in and selected a red Gatorade, Johnny's favorite. It seemed an hour passed as I watched the machine push the soft drink forward and let it fall to the bottom of the bin. I ripped it out and sprinted back to my room.

"Close the door you fucking moron," Johnny barked at me.

I stood in the doorway, mouth agape, a look of horror dripping from my face.

"No, don't stop baby. Keep going. That's it," he exhaled.

Johnny's hand was wrapped around Tina's ponytail, and Tina was on her knees in front of Johnny. He was guiding her along his thick, white cock. Fat blue veins stuck out and disappeared behind Tina's lips as she sucked. I'd seen Johnny's cock enough times, he never missed an opportunity to point out how much bigger he was when we took leaks or changed at the gym. But I'd never seen it so big before...and I had certainly never seen it between my girlfriend's lips.

"Ugh...that's it, Little Tina. Good little cocksucker. Let me touch the back of your throat."

Tina's eyes went wide when he jammed it down her gullet, tiny little tears running down her cheeks. When she came off it gagging, she looked over at me.

"Sorry," was all she said before resuming blowing.

That was the first time Johnny fucked my girlfriend.

You would think that our friendship ended right there, right? Like I said before, Johnny and I had a strange friendship. I often forgave him for his bullshit because he was my long-time pal. Having grown up with him I was used to the abuse. But that day was different, and I strongly contemplated cutting Johnny off completely. But of course, that was easier said than done. We shared the same, tiny dorm room after all. Our beds just feet from one another.

Tina and I dated for another several months after that, no hard feelings involved. She blamed it on her ovulation and told me it was just head after all. She said it wasn't cheating if he didn't fuck her. And I agreed. It was only later that I found

out she gave Johnny much more than a blowjob.

“Oh, Tina? That bitch was nasty, Franklin. She didn’t just suck my dick, bro. She ate my ass, sucked my toes, I mean. That was before she let me hit it raw, and by that time...” Johnny droned on about his past escapade with my now ex-girlfriend as he busied himself with his tuxedo. It was my wedding day and Johnny was my best man.

“As much as I love this story,” I said, adjusting Johnny’s tie, “it is my wedding day, and I would prefer it if we didn’t talk about something from ten years ago.”

“You got it, chief,” Johnny smiled at me. He was as handsome as ever, turning 30 had done nothing to diminish his boyish features. His expression was one of constant arrogance, as if he were the one who always got everything he wanted. “You did well for yourself, Franklin. Molly is a gorgeous woman. And you’ve had some hot girlfriends- “

“You would know...”

“Ha! Yes, I would. All too well. A shame it never happened with Molly, you two just live so far away and- “

“This is my soon to be wife you’re talking about Johnny...”

“Right again, Chief,” he stopped himself. “I don’t know Molly very well, but she seems like a great gal. I’m happy for you, Franklin.”

It felt good to hear one of his rare, fleeting endearments. Beneath Johnny's insults and physical abuse was a heart, and I knew I had a place in there as his best friend.

"Thanks for driving all the way up here for it, bro," I told him. "It wouldn't have been the same without you."

"You're goddamn right it wouldn't be the same. Now, enough of this shit. It's time to get you married. And after that...time to get you LAID!"

"I'm surprised you didn't bring a date, Johnny," I said, taking one last look in the mirror. "I've never known you to be able to go more than a day or two without sticking your dick in something."

"Well, Franklin my boy, let's just say I think I might have some luck at this wedding of yours. I've got this feeling that I might just find the bell of the ball... and take her home with me."

2.

Molly and I met through a mutual colleague and hit it off right away. She was startlingly gorgeous, the kind of sharp beauty that can cause men to stutter and blush. She had the defined facial features of a fierce, sexy woman. The lips of an angel; fluffy and naturally pink. Long, overflowing red hair that accented the soft freckles in her pale cheeks. And perhaps most alarming of all, Molly's creamy, gargantuan breasts that pushed any bra to its limit. She was an easy 10, and a year after our first date I proposed to her.

"When do I get to meet this Johnny of yours, honey?" she asked me one day at brunch, the sunlight illuminating her white complexion. She wore a v-cut sweater, and in the bright afternoon sun you could see the faintest lines of soft blue veins in her cleavage.

"Oh jeez, Molly. I don't know. Probably not until the wedding. He lives so far out you know?"

"You always say that but isn't he your bestie? Sounds like an interesting guy to me...at least the way you talk about him."

In truth, there had been several opportunities to introduce Johnny to Molly. His work brought him to our town at least three times a month, and the two of us got lunch together often. Occasionally he stayed for the weekend, crashing at a female friend's house whenever he felt like it. It would have been easy to arrange drinks or dinner with him. But I dared not do it, and I think you can guess why. I felt differently about Molly. She wasn't like the other girls, or any girl for that matter. And I didn't want it to go that way. Not with Johnny. Not again.

"You can't hide him forever, sweetie," she said, half-joking.

“I’m not hiding anything, Molly. It’s just that...that- “

“He lives far away? You said that already. Are you feeling alright, Franklin?”

“Look. I’ve told you our friendship is...complicated. And I’ll explain it all to you one day, I promise. But not now, OK? I’d like to enjoy brunch with my gorgeous fiancé if you don’t mind.”

Molly raised her hand to her eyes and began to search the restaurant. “Where is this gorgeous fiancé you speak of Franklin? I can’t find her!” We laughed and kissed and things were perfect. Eventually, I told Molly everything. All about Johnny and my ex-girlfriends. But more on that later.

Johnny and Molly met the day before our wedding, at the rehearsal dinner downtown.

“Johnny, this is Molly. Molly...Johnny,” I failed to hide the nerves in my voice as I introduced them to one another. It was a scene I had witnessed too many times before, and even though it was years since the last time Johnny had claimed what was mine, I would never shake the feeling that it could happen again.

“I’ve heard so much about you, Johnny,” Molly smiled, extending her dainty white hand. She wore a red dress that sparkled even in the low light of the bustling restaurant. The garment had no choice but to be revealing as it struggled to keep her milky jugs from exploding out the top.

“It’s a pleasure to finally meet you,” Johnny grinned back, ignoring her handshake, and wrapping my fiancé in his arms. She welcomed his embrace and squeezed him. Molly was like that. She gave good hugs, and it didn’t matter who you were. I tried to remember that as I watched them embrace.

“You’re my soon to be husband’s oldest friend! How is this the first time we are meeting?”

“Your guess is as good as mine. I think Franklin was hiding you from me on purpose.”

“Now why on earth would you do something like that?” she laughed, punching my arm.

“Old habits die hard, I think,” I said into my Old Fashion. I was on my fourth drink of the night, in no small part because of my anxiety over Molly and Johnny’s introduction.

“What’s that mean?” Molly inquired, her green eyes piercing through my drunken façade.

“I think he means...he’s a flake, Molly my dear,” Johnny joked, scooping up Molly’s hand and examining the diamond engagement ring she wore, “but it does look like he managed to get something right.”



Molly's lips danced as she laughed, the way they did when she was excited. Johnny ran his thumb along her ring finger, over the diamond and past the knuckle to the back of her hand. He lingered there, moving his finger across her fair skin. There was nothing awkward about it, or at least not between the two of them. As I watched the moment pass, that old familiar feeling began to creep into my stomach. That sick, danger zone alert. Years had passed since I last felt it, and so its arrival was startling. My mind wandered as they stood there talking, touching, laughing. Back to years before...to the last time Johnny had claimed what was mine.

Her name was Rebecca, and she was trouble from the start. I met her a month out of college at a club, and though she was dancing with every guy there I managed to buy her a drink and have an almost lucid conversation. I couldn't take my eyes off her petite, hard little body. Her short black hair and shiny lip ring. We fucked the first night and, in the morning, she made me breakfast. We were dating almost a year when she met Johnny for the first time.

"Funny, he's never mentioned you," Rebecca said, staring up at Johnny as he loomed over her. We were at the city park, set up on the green with a blanket and a picnic. Johnny was out for his morning run when he spotted me and came trotting over.

"You're kidding," he laughed, wiping sweat from his brow. He wore black basketball shorts and a grey tank top. Sweat dripped from his biceps and trickled down his vascular forearms. "Why am I not surprised by this, Franklin?"

"She's fibbing, Johnny," I said, the displeasure of the situation obvious on my face. "That's all Rebecca does is fib."

"Oh, you're so funny, Franky!" Rebecca mocked, shoving me playfully. "Let me

guess, he hasn't mentioned me to you either?" Her eyes returned to Johnny, roaming the whole of his body, and taking more than one quick glance at the mass hanging freely in his shorts.

Johnny looked at me, unsure of how to answer her question. I certainly had not mentioned her to him, and I think the reason why was sinking into that thick head of his. But the friendly side of Johnny came out then to save me from a scolding.

"Rebecca is all he fucking talks about," he said, sizing her up. "I've just been asking when I can meet the girl."

"Here I am!" Rebecca stuck out her tongue and wiggled on her feet. She was a wiry, jittery sort of person full of sexual and creative energy.

"Here you are," he repeated back to her. Johnny reached a finger out and poked her in the center of her chest, a few inches below her neck. She rocked back on her heels slowly before floating forward back into his outstretched finger. "The three of us should grab drinks soon," he shark-smiled.

It was strange because I had seen this happen several times before, and always the same feeling came in my stomach. Yet somehow, in the same way that Johnny could so carelessly flirt and seduce the women in my life, I could ignore the red flags as if I had never seen them before. I never opened my mouth and I never protested even though the site of his hands, even just a finger on my girl, was enough to cause overwhelming jealousy and anger.

Of course, Rebecca wanted to get drinks.

When I arrived at 7, Rebecca was already there but no sight of Johnny. When I kissed her hello, I could smell sweat, as if she had just been for a jog. Of course, that didn't make any sense with the way she was dressed: short black skirt, revealing halter top (even for her small, perky tits). Her hair was messy too, and her eye makeup a messy.

"Are you OK?" I asked, a little confused.

She just smiled and said she had something to show me.

"Where's Johnny?" I said, as she took me by the hand and led me out the back door of the cocktail bar. We came into a dank, narrow alley lined with dumpsters and trash cans.

"He's gone," she said, turning to me and pressing her small frame to mine. "But he left something for you."

"He what?"

"He said you would be ok with it honey...don't be mad, OK?"

The feeling back in my stomach, like a bullet burying itself in my abdomen.

“You already met with Johnny?” my voice shook.

“We met here at 3, honey...we’ve been drinking all day. He went home to take a nap, but he- “

“You met here without me?”

“He left something for you...” she smirked, kissing me on the lips. I tasted salt. And liquor. Suddenly I realized how hammered she was, how stone-cold drunk.

“Oh God...Rebecca...what...what happened...”

“Shhh,” she breathed into my mouth. “He said you’d be fine with it...”

Rebecca shuffled out of the short black skirt she was wearing, leaving it in a crumpled heap on the filthy ground. Now she wore only a halter top, and a pair of pink, silky panties that covered her small, tight ass.

“What are you doing, Rebecca? What is this?”

“Johnny told me all about the others, baby. It’s OK. I thought it was kinda hot, actually. He said he does it with all your girlfriends. So, I let him show me. Don’t be mad...it was just a little drunken fun...”

I noticed the front of her pink panties were blotchy, circles and smudges of some stain. Her little fingertips curled around the waist band and she started to fold the panties down, revealing the curly black hair of her mound, her tucked lips beneath....and large, white gobs of cum stuck to the inside of the linen and smeared across her thighs and pussy lips. A gob of it hung loose in her trimmed pubic hair.

“He fucked me back here, baby...against the dumpster. He pulled my panties to the side and just took me...he’s soooo big. But you know that. You must know by now...”

My mouth was open, and it was moving but no words came out. My eyes transfixed on the mess in her underwear, still fresh.

“He said he had a package for you...so he held my panties open and shot his load all in them, baby...all over my lips. Then he told me to sit at the bar and wait for you...he said I wasn’t allowed to clean up...”

Rebecca’s hands were on my shoulders and she was pushing me to my knees.

“He said you’d be a good boy and clean it up for him...that I’d better make sure you did it or he’d be back to leave another package...”

She clenched my hair in her small fist and shoved my face into her messy panties. She was moaning and talking and my world was spinning and I was falling. I tasted him. I tasted her. I feasted on the betrayal against my will, and

when I'd gotten every last drop Rebecca left the bar. That was the last I heard from her.

"Hello! Earth to Franklin!"

I disengaged from my waking memory, my soon-to-be wife shaking my shoulder.

"Huh? Oh, sorry. I zoned out there for a minute," I apologized.

"You don't say..." Molly looked at me annoyed.

"Same old Franklin," Johnny laughed, slapping my shoulder with his rough hand. "It's a miracle you've made it this far, buddy. Still checking both ways before crossing the road I hope?"

"Only if I do it for him," Molly chuckled.

"I think we better head home, love," I said, taking Molly by the arm. "It is our wedding day tomorrow after all. We should be well rested. And by that I mean not completely hung over."

"You're right," she agreed, standing to part. I watched Johnny's eyes laser focus on her vast cleavage, making no attempt to hide his gaze.

“It was so nice meeting you, Molly,” Johnny said, taking her hand again. He kissed her fingers, just above the engagement ring. “I hope we can get to know each other a little more this weekend.”

“I’m sure we will,” she leaned in and kissed his cheek. The way adults do. Or at least, that’s what I saw. What I wanted to see. “Come on, fiancé,” she took me by the tie, “take me home.”

Johnny looked at me and winked. Then he blew me a me a kiss.

That night, sleep did not come easy.

**3.**



Molly was on the bed, sitting up on her elbows, looking at me. A necklace of pearls hung loose around her neck and got lost in the space between her creamy breasts. A white, lacey bra held her jugs up, and her soft pink nipples were just visible through the fabric. Her bottoms matched, and her plump ass cheeks were revealed like two cartons of vanilla ice cream. Her red hair cascaded across the silver linens of the bed.

It was time. The big day had come and gone, all our guests now off to bed somewhere in the hotel below us. The ceremony was beautiful, the reception a blast. All that remained now was the final act. The consummation of our love and devotion.

“Are you ready to fuck me, baby?” she whispered in the low light of our suite.

“Oh, Molly. You’re so fucking hot...” I unbuttoned my shirt and slid out of it, approaching the bed. “I can’t believe you’re my wife. I’m so lucky.”

She opened her arms and beckoned me. I took her and kissed her with all the love I had. My excited hands roamed her body, wanting to touch all of her at once. Eventually they found her luscious chest, and there they stayed as I caressed her through the sexy wedding lingerie.

Molly’s eager hand found my Johnson, stiff as steel in my pants, and rubbed me over my briefs.

“You’re so fucking hard, Franklin...oh, baby...”

“Oh Molly...slow down a little...it’s so good...”

“You’re so hard for me baby...that’s it. You gonna fuck me? Fuck me till I cum? Fuck me till you cum...fill me tonight, baby...”

“Oh, fuck...Molly...I will, I will...just slow down...slow...slow...”

With frantic haste she grabbed hold of my belt and buckle and got to work. I closed my eyes and tried to push off the orgasm that was inches away. Molly’s passion was overwhelming, and the way she looked in that lingerie did nothing to help stave off my eruption. I was close. Too close. So, I used an old trick.

Deep breaths, and mental images of things to turn me off. Not how I envisioned my wedding night going, but I knew if I came before Molly had a chance to get off that I would never hear the end of it.

Molly got my pants down to my ankles and started licking my dripping cock over the underwear.

“Oh, Franklin. You’re so fucking hard...” she whispered between slurps.

I pinched my eyes shut and breathed in. Every ounce of my being fighting it.

She yanked my underwear down.

I tried to picture something, anything. Anything that might calm the beast in my belly. Suddenly, Johnny was there. In my head.

“Oh my God, baby. I’ve never seen you so hard...”

In flashes across the back of my eyelids I saw Johnny with Tina, using her mouth like a toy.

“Mmmm, baby...”

Johnny with Rebecca, fucking her in a back alley like a cheap slut.

“I want you to fuck me,” Molly said, sliding her tongue along my shaft.

Johnny with another ex-girlfriend of mine, her screams and moans coming clear as day from his room. Our friends laughing about it.

“Oh...No. What the fuck, Franklin?”

I opened my eyes. My mess was all over the bed sheets, some of it still hanging from my tip. Molly glared up at me, lips wet and eyes wild.

“I told you to slow down!”

“Goddamnit, Franklin! I’m so wet. Horny as fuck, man. Come on!” she raged at me.

“Fuck...”

“Fuck is right, Franklin. Go clean up and get it ready for me. You’ve got ten minutes!”

I did the humiliation shuffle to the bathroom, pants still wrapped around my ankles. While I cleaned myself up, I tried to shake off the things that had come into my head when I prematurely ejaculated in front of my wife.

*No hard feelings, buddy? Johnny’s voice came from the recess of my memory. Those awful, half-excuses he gave after he’d fucked one of my girlfriends. She was too easy, pal. I saved you the time.*

I put my deflated dick in the sink and ran hot water over it, hoping to speed up my painfully long refractory period. Molly knew I was no sexual dynamo, and that I was typically good for one fuck. It was imperative that my dick get hard again. Molly wasn’t going to stand for a failed consummation on her wedding night, and she knew that I knew it.

*She said you were cool with it, Franklin. Doesn't she give the best head? Oh, shit, she never gave it to you? Jeez, sorry buddy...*

As Johnny droned on in my mind, I felt a stirring in the sink, a sign of life.

*Close the fucking door, idiot!*

I turned the hot water off and watched my pink member begin to grow.

*Sure you don't wanna stay and watch me fuck your girl, Franklin? I can show you some tricks so that this stops happening to you...*

I burst from the bathroom naked, my cock jutting forward and ready for Molly. She smiled when I approached, and she closed her eyes when I buried my face between her opaque thighs. I kissed her sex over the white lace, running my lips across her pouty, swollen cunt. I could smell her through the fabric. Taste her.

“Oh, Franklin...so good baby...”

*Your dick is a joke, Franklin. No wonder you can't keep a girl. I shook my head violently between her legs, as if to throw Johnny from my back. But still he kept on, all those things he said years ago replaying now just as he said them then.*

*You'll do it because I tell you to do it, pussy. Now go get me a fucking Gatorade!*

“Oh Franky...fuck me, baby...I need your cock now...”

*Don't wait up, Franklin. I can go for hours, and I plan to. I'll send her home when I'm done.*

“Fuck me baby...now! Give me your cock!”

I gathered onto the bed and positioned between Molly's legs. My dick was pins and needles and every time I heard Johnny's voice it grew more and more unstable. Molly wrapped her legs around me and pulled, my dripping tip brushing her soaked opening.

“Get inside me, Franklin. Now. Fuck me.”

I swayed forward, mounting.

*I left a load in her cunt for you to clean out, buddy boy.*

“Oh no,” I moaned, squirting my juice out onto the bed sheets once more.

Molly said nothing this time. She shoved me off her and stormed across the room, grabbing pieces of clothing from an open suitcase. She pulled on the red

dress from the night before.

“Molly, wait. Please, I’m sorry...”

“Not now, Franklin,” she spat at me, fixing her makeup in the mirror. She snatched her purse off the table and made to leave the room.

“Oh, come on, Molly! Wait! You can’t just leave, it’s our- “

“Wedding night?” she interrupted, turning on me. “I don’t ask for a lot, Franklin. Not from you. Especially not in bed. But for fuck’s sake. It’s our wedding night. And you can’t even hold your load for 5 fucking seconds.”

“You’re just so beautiful I can’t help it, I- “

“Save it, Franklin. I’m going for a walk to cool off. Don’t follow me.”

And with that, my bride fled from our bed.

4.



My phone vibrated on the bedside table. As if by instinct an alarm began to churn in my stomach.

A text from Johnny. It said: Feeling lonely, buddy?

Confused, I texted back a single question mark.

Molly was gone from the room for close to an hour, and every second that passed felt like a month. I wondered where she was, what she was doing and if she was going to come back.

*It's not right for a man to be alone on his wedding night. Why don't you come over for a drink?*

How did he know I was alone? That awful feeling swelled and spread and soon my knees shook as I stood in the center of my suite, thumbs dancing across the screen of my phone.

*How did you know I was alone? I texted back.*

*Unless Molly can be in two places at once, you my friend, are alone.*

Unsure what he meant, I decided texting was a waste of time. I placed a call to Johnny and listened to the phone ring three times.

“Hello, little buddy!” I heard from the other end. Johnny sounded wide awake despite it being almost midnight.

“Johnny what the fuck is going on? How did you know about Molly?”

Some muffled speech came from his end, it sounded like he was with other people.

“Hello? Johnny?”

“Oh, sorry little buddy. I was distracted. Look, why don’t you come down to my room? 601. We can talk about it.”

“Talk about what? My wife? How did you know she wasn’t here Johnny?”

Laughter from Johnny’s line, in the background. A woman’s laugh.

Molly’s laugh.

I dropped my phone to the floor and raced from the room, not bothering to put clothes on. I must have looked insane running the halls in nothing but boxer briefs and a white t-shirt. I pressed the elevator call button and decided 3

seconds later that it was taking too long. I found the stairwell and descended in bare feet, hands gripping the railing as I moved as fast as I could.

Too many thoughts raced through my mind on that run, but the most prevalent was he's got my wife in his room. Not this time, Johnny.

I burst from the stairwell at the sixth floor, panting and wheezing and a cramp in my side. In my panic I ignored the room number signs and tried to find 601 blindly. Down one hallway, up the next. Numbers flashed in front of my eyes but none of them read 601. I knocked over a room service cart, bottles and dirty plates flying. A man carrying an ice bucket had to leap out of the way as I came barreling past him.

At last, I rounded a corner. With sweat dripping from my armpits, I shuffled the last few feet past 605, 604, 603...602...

601. The door was ajar, a light was on. Laughter and voices from inside.

I pushed the door wide and stepped into the room.

Molly was in her lingerie again, that sexy white lace outfit that made me prematurely ejaculate twice in ten minutes. Her red dress was in a heap on the floor. She sat in Johnny's lap, and Johnny sat in a chair with his back to the city behind him.

"What the fuck is this?"

His arms were locked around her, squeezing Molly close. Her giant breasts were pushing into his shoulders and neck, the two of them just cozy as could be.

“Franklin! Little buddy! Glad you finally made it!” Johnny smiled, teeth bared. “You look like you’ve run a marathon. You alright?”

“Molly what the fuck is this?” I asked my new wife.

She pulled her gaze from Johnny’s handsome face and looked me in the eyes. The disappointment from earlier was still etched in her soft features. But there was something else too. Something evil that I’d never seen in Molly before. It was a mixture of lust...and betrayal.

“I found Johnny in the lobby bar, Franklin,” she said, adjusting in his lap. “We got to talking.”

“Did we ever...” Johnny said, nuzzling his face into her neck. Molly giggled playful, squirming in his arms.

“No,” I said, stepping forward on trembling legs. “No fucking way. Not this time.”

Johnny stood suddenly from the chair, taking Molly up in his arms as he did. I could see a bulge in his dress pants, something lurking beneath the black fabric.

His arms flexed when he carried my wife over to the bed and carelessly threw her onto it. Molly bounced up on the mattress with a soft “oh”, tits jiggling, and quickly turned to watch Johnny advance on me.

“What did you say, pussy?” Johnny demanded, sticking his finger into my chest.

“I said no, Johnny. No fucking way. That’s my wife. This is my wedding night!”

“So we’ve heard, little guy. And yet you’ve done nothing to prove that fact to your wife.”

Molly’s face was a cocktail of concern and concentration as she watched from the bed. Lying on her stomach and hitched up on elbows, the massive curves of her breasts pressed together. I thought perhaps she was afraid for me when Johnny grabbed me by the throat, but I think now it was probably heat.

“She told me about your problem, Franklin,” Johnny spat viciously into my face, gripping my neck tighter. “About how you can’t even man up and hold your nut for five seconds. How even when you do, you’re just a disappointment. A beta boy.”

I tried to speak but he was suffocating me, only spittle falling from my lips as he pressed me easily into the wall with one hand.

“I’m here to do you a favor, little buddy. You can’t rightfully call this fine piece of ass your wife unless the wedding is consummated. And since you can’t do

it...I'm going to do it for you."

Johnny socked me in the gut and I dropped to my knees. It wasn't the first time he'd done it, but it had been years since the last time. I forgot how he knew just the right amount of force to do it with. Enough to drop me, but not enough to lay me out.

I looked up at my wife as I clutched my stomach, on my knees, looking for a sign of pity or help. But she wasn't looking at me.

"You've always bitched out in the past, buddy," he continued, kneeling down to my eye level. "But tonight you're gonna watch. It's your wife after all. It wouldn't be right for you to not be here, would it? So, sit and watch and take it like a man. Or like the beta bitch that you are. Doesn't matter to me. Just so long as you watch."

Johnny walked to the bed where my wife waited.

"Try not to take it so hard, Franklin," she said to me, Johnny kissing at her neck. "You tried your best...tonight is just...special circumstances..." her words drifted off as her passion got the better of her. Kneeling on the bed she was still shorter than Johnny, who loomed over her, his hands closing around her neck.

"Please," I begged, "not like this. Not her. Please..."

"Don't worry little buddy...I'll take good care of her for you," Johnny snickered.

Then his mouth was on hers, the ruby red of Molly's lips mushing and pushing against Johnny's. I could hear their tongues sliding across one another, I could see her in his arms and it killed me.

Clutching my abdomen, I leaned against the wall sitting on the floor, with no choice but to watch.

"Don't look so scared," he said, taking one of Molly's fat tits in his hand, "I'm not going to make love to your wife. Nothing so romantic. Isn't that right, Molly?"

Molly bit her lip, a slight pain on her face from the rough squeeze Johnny was giving and shook her head yes.

"I'm here to do what you couldn't. Consummate. I'm going to treat her like my own personal slut. That OK with you, Franklin?" He turned to where I lay against the wall, a look of sheer evil in his eyes.

Johnny started tongue fucking her mouth, exploring every inch of what it had to offer. His strong hands searched her chest rougher than I had ever dared to; painful side-squeezes and nipple pulling, slaps and tugs. Molly tried to scream but her mouth was to his and all she managed was a whining moan.

"Aw, does that hurt, Molly?" he mocked her. "Your husband doesn't touch you like this does he?"

“Noooo...oohh...owww...mmm...”

“I didn’t think so. I bet Franklin’s real nice. And soft as fuck.”

Johnny’s fingertips found the hem of her bra and curled. He ripped the top in two pieces like it were a candy wrapper, and Molly’s E cups spilled out. Johnny’s eyes went wide when he saw her large, pink areolas.

“My fucking God,” he said, stepping back to admire Molly’s topless frame. He started unbuttoning his shirt from the top, one at a time. “Look at those big fat tits. No wonder the beta boy came in his pants.”

“You’re fucking ripped,” Molly said. She ran her hands across his bare chest and to his shoulders, knocking the unbuttoned shirt to the floor as her palms traced the length of his biceps. “So sexy, Johnny...”

Johnny took Molly’s massive mammaries into his hands and stuffed them together. He took a plump nipple into his mouth and sucked, his tongue lolling over every inch of the perfect circle. Molly wrapped her hands around his head, holding him close to her as he feasted.

“You wanna see it, wifey?” Johnny said, looking up from his feast.

“Mmhmm,” she moaned.



“Take out my cock and show it your husband.”

Molly’s eager hands fumbled at his waistline and a moment later she was shuffling his pants down past his thighs. The moment the waistband cleared the length of his meat, his fat white cock sprung forth and his ball sack loosed free.

Molly gasped.

I groaned.

Johnny laughed a familiar heckle, as if it were a reaction he’d been expecting.

“Go on, wifey...touch it. Show your husband.”

Molly reached out a quivering hand. It was cut, long, and curved. Chubby blue veins wrapped around the shaft. It was shaved and looked almost ridiculous against the rest of his cut body.

My wife wrapped her fingers around it, and I saw the moment her wedding band touched Johnny’s cock.

“That’s it, wifey. Be a good little whore. Show him. Show your husband.”

Molly looked at me, eyebrows raised, and lifted the meat stick higher.

“It’s so fucking big, Franklin,” she worried, “I don’t know if it will fit.”

“Why are you doing this?” I asked her.

“Because you couldn’t,” she said.

Johnny scooped up her long ginger hair and bundled it in a fist, a makeshift ponytail. He used it to guide her mouth onto the tip.

“Get it nice and wet, baby. Show Franklin how hungry you are.”

Molly’s jaw stretched wide when he pushed into her mouth. He found a rhythm right away, directing her up and down on the first few inches. I could see her drool glistening on the head when he let her up, and how she went a little further with each guided pump.

“Good fucking slut, like that. Show him. Show little Franklin how much you love it. You hungry little whore.”

Molly’s fat tits swayed back and forth between her arms, on all fours, sucking Johnny who stood above. I watched his ass flex when he stiffened into her throat. I saw a single tear leak from the side of Molly’s eye when she began to

struggle.

“Sloppier, Molly. I need it soaking wet if I’m going to tit fuck you. Here, let me help you.”

Johnny pulled her from the bed by her hair and she followed, bent and naked and shuffling. There was a plush, leather ottoman about five feet from where I was sitting. He yanked her over to it and made her sit on the floor, leaning against the ottoman, and head tilted back to rest on the cushion.

Johnny planted his legs on either side of her shoulders and brought his glistening cock to her mouth.

“That’s it...use your spit...take it deep...”

Molly was gagging often, and when he yanked his prick from her gullet large strings of spit followed. He let it drip down onto her neck and chest, letting it pool and gather, slicking her upper body with gag-drool.

“Look at your pretty wife, Franklin,” he gloated, “sucking my big fat cock. Choking on it. She doesn’t suck your dick like this, buddy. Know how I know? Because you have a small dick. You couldn’t gag a snail.”

Molly’s eyes were wide as he skull-fucked her against the ottoman, drool streaming out the sides of her mouth.

“Look at my balls hanging on her chin, buddy. How’s that make you feel? Don’t let me catch you stroking it over there, beta boy. You know that’s not allowed.”

I looked down at my crotch and to my horror, something pushed against the fabric. I’d barely noticed it as the entire scene was near out-of-body for me. Everything was so surreal I’d failed to realize that I was actually getting turned on. And I hated myself for it.

Johnny put Molly fully onto the ottoman, on her back with legs hanging off the edge. Johnny squatted and got his leaking long dong between her juicy jugs. Instinctively, Molly pushed her tits together, surrounding his fat fuck-rod.

“Fuck yes...let me tit fuck you baby, that’s it...”

I watched his purple tip disappear and reappear over and over at the top of her tits. It slid easily amongst the lube he had pulled from her throat. Molly’s wedding makeup was already ruined, a mess of black streaks and smeared lipstick. The lust in her eyes was crushing, and the way she stared up at him as he defiled her broke my heart.

“Stick your tongue out...good girl...” The tip of Johnny’s member made impact with the center of Molly’s tongue each time he tit-fucked her. She flicked it for him, tickling the pre-cum leaking there.

I watched from a few feet away, noticing the small things. Molly’s trembling legs, the little streaks of spittle running down the sides of her tits, the way

Johnny smelled when he started to sweat.

“Stop looking so pathetic, Franklin,” he chastised, dismounting my wife’s chest. “Come sit on this fucking thing,” he beckoned at the ottoman as he pulled Molly off it by her hair. I passed her naked body when I sat on the small piece of furniture and my body trembled to behold her lush, naked frame. But she was stroking Johnny’s cock and kissing his pectoral muscles and didn’t bother to look in my direction.

Johnny put my wife on her hands and knees, right there on the floor. Her face was only inches from mine as I sat on the short piece of furniture.

“Look at your pretty wife’s face while I feast on her fucking pussy!”

Molly’s lips parted into a perfect O the second his lips touched her back there, eating her out from behind. I could see his hands clasped around the thickness of her freckled ass as he steadied her. Molly didn’t try to avoid eye contact, almost preferring it.

“Oh fuck...oh my...eat that pussy, Johnny. So good...”

I could hear Johnny slobbering and spitting all over her sacred place, occasionally slapping her ass hard enough for a distinctive CRACK to fill the room.

“Oh Johnny,” Molly reached out and placed a palm on my knee, squeezing, “oh

my God I've never...it's so goooood..."

Then Johnny was standing, straddling her from behind, positioning her legs just so and being sure that she still faced me. I saw him squat at the knees and guide his pulsing cock toward her luscious, pink entrance.

"You're gonna sit right the fuck there and look at her face," he said. "Look at what a real man can do to a little whore like this. Maybe then you'll fucking learn how to do this yourself."

When he pushed into her, I saw Molly's eyes roll back, and for a moment it was just her pink, speckled skin, and the whites of her eyes. Her mouth opened wide enough for me to see straight into the back of her throat, wet and swollen and abused.

"OH JOHNNY!" she screamed in my face.

"Look at her face, Franklin," he said, gathering her fire-bright hair up once more in his fist, "look at much she loves my cock. I guarantee she's never made these sounds for you." He held her head still in such a way that her face was inches from mine, always staring at me. His free hand reached and wrapped around the front of her neck, his thumb and forefinger stretching up towards her gaping mouth, holding her chin steady as he doggy-fucked her.

"I told you we weren't going to make love, Franklin. That wouldn't be fair to you, she'd probably leave your dumbass if I did." His body rocked back and forth as he buried himself deeper inside my wife's cunt. "So, I'm going to use her like a cheap whore. Just like I've done to all your girls. Except this one's

special because it's your whore wife. I'm going to make sure to leave a special little present deep inside her for you."

"What the fuck..." I cried softly into my wife's face as she moaned.

"I'm going to fuck her like a bitch dog, and I want you to watch!"

"Oh Johnny! Oh my fucking GOOOOD!" she was screaming. My ears winced in pain. Johnny picked up the tempo and suddenly the passionate rhythm of his humping turned to a rage-fuck, and he pounded Molly with so much force her body shook with the strength of an earthquake. She had to put both arms in my lap to keep from falling over, and her head smashed into my chest every time he pounded her. I could feel her fat, hanging tits running across my knees and suddenly I was keenly aware of the rigidity in my pants.

"Keep your fucking head up, bitch," he said, grabbing hold of her and lifting her face, "I want your beta husband to see how much you love it."

"Oh Franklin he fucks me so go-o-o-o" she began to stutter as he bottomed out in her cunt. He stuck two fingers in her mouth and pulled on her cheek, making her look comically slutty. I saw her tongue loll in her mouth and lick against his hairy knuckles.

"You see Franky? I can do anything I want to this slut because she's mine now. She let me tit-fuck her like a cheap whore. Know what I'm gonna do next? Do you? Hey beta boy, I'm fucking talking to you?"

“No, Johnny...what are you going to do?” I grumbled.

“Glad you asked beta boy. I’m going to drill your stupid wife’s asshole. How does that sound?”

I shook my head NO, eyes widening and pleading with Johnny as he owned Molly’s sex. He just laughed and shook his head YES back at me. Molly didn’t seem to have an opinion, too busy whining at the top of her lungs.

Johnny spread her lush pink ass cheeks and spat a wad of white spit directly onto her little puckered hole. I had never been in there, no matter how much I begged. She said it was off limits. I was sure when Johnny pulled his raging stick from her pink cave that she would tell him no. That she didn’t do those things with anyone and that he was far too big for her anyway.

But she just squeezed my hand when he started pushing his purple head against her virgin hole.

“My fucking God she is tight, Franklin,” he grunted.

“Oh...oh...oh...” Molly began to breathe faster.

“She doesn’t let you do this does she? I bet not. Why the fuck would she?”



“Ow...ow...ow...”

“That’s it baby, it’s getting there. The head will be in soon. Are your knees sore from grinding into the carpet? Too fucking bad. Blame your pathetic husband for not being able to lay you down in the marriage bed. Because now you get to have me bang your ass on a dirty hotel carpet.”

Thankfully, Johnny went slow. I could see him methodically working the head in, using the cream and juice from her cunt as lube. Molly kept moving between “oh” and “ow” as he entered her.

“Good little slut. Take it in the ass. Just...like...that...”

“OH FUCK! FUCK!”

“It’s in, Franklin. My cock is in your wife’s little asshole. How’s that make you feel?”

“Please...stop, Johnny. I can’t take it. I can’t watch...”

“Look at your wife’s face. Look at how she screams when I fuck her.”

“OH JOHNNY! OW! FUCK!”

“Do you let Franklin put it in your ass, Molly?”

“NO JOHNNY NO!”

“And why not?”

“He’s a fucking pussy!”

Johnny erupted in glee as he pulled himself from my wife’s rectum. Molly screamed loud enough for the entire hotel to hear when he pushed it back in.

“I’m deep in her asshole, Franklin. In places you can’t imagine going.”

“No...Johnny, please...”

“Good little whore. Take it. Take it up your ass!”

My world went deaf blind and dumb as Johnny defiled my wife. Though I felt her body shaking against mine, though I could smell Johnny’s ball sweat and their mingled sex, though I could hear Molly’s incessant screaming...it was all under water.

He plowed her butthole for a long time, his greedy hands squeezing her fat swinging tits. When he wasn't feeling her up from behind, he was leaving giant red handprints all over her ass cheeks and thighs. He pulled out of her asshole and Molly fell over onto her side, legs shaking. She kept a hand to her cunt and rubbed frantically.

I looked at my long-time best friend and bully. His colossal cock stuck straight out towards me and curved hard to the left. He smiled at me and I saw what all my girlfriends and new wife saw; a superior man. His chiseled frame and perfect member. His arrogance and confidence. His brutality and his passion.

He knelt beside her and brought his filthy prick to Molly's face.

"Now I want you to be a good girl and show Franklin how you clean a cock."

He pushed it into her mouth easily and his hands resumed their ceaseless fondling of her giant tits. "That's its bitch. Lap it up. Clean it up. We're not done yet."

I glanced down at the tent in my underwear. Felt myself straining against the loose-fitting boxers. I longed to grab it and stroke, even in my overwhelming shame. But I dared not reveal the truth. I wasn't sure I could ever look them in the eye again if they knew there was some part of me that liked it...that thought I deserved it.

"I made a promise to you tonight, Franklin," Johnny taunted me, slapping his wet dick across Molly's wincing face. "I told you I was going to give your whore wife a little surprise package. And I won't let you down, little buddy. I promise."

Johnny snatched hold of both Molly's plump pink nipples, pinching each cruelly with in his hands. She screamed and let go of her clit, suddenly frantic to get off the floor as Johnny pulled her up by areolas.

"Good bitch, follow me. Do as you're told."

Slack-jawed, I witnessed Johnny lead her by the nipples over to the bed. He shoved her onto her back and yanked her legs apart. Johnny stroked himself with one hand while he looked down at her. He reached out and slapped her titties around, red marks and rolling white waves following each strike.

"See how I get to treat your wife, Franklin? Just like a slut. But it's ok, buddy. You can kiss her boo-boos in the morning."

SMACK!

"Oh, Johnny! You're so mean!" my wife cried.

SMACK! Her raw red tits jostling with each open palm that landed.

"Stop it! Stop it please!" I cried.

“Shut the fuck up, beta bitch! Shut the fuck up and watch!”

Then he was on top of her, plunging deep. Molly’s white legs wrapped around his tanned muscular figure. His hips rose and fell with a strength I would never possess, and I saw his shaved nutsack slamming into her asscrack with each dive.

“You like it, wifey? You like my cock?” he asked her, brushing the hair from her eyes.

“Yes baby! Oh, yes!”

“You want me to bury my nut deep inside you?”

“Yes Johnny!”

“You gonna let me get you pregnant, bitch? Let me knock you up with my superior seed?”

“DON’T!” I screamed.

“Yes, baby, please...” she moaned in his face.

He kissed her. He went deep and held it there.

“UGH! UGH! UGH!” he grunted in time with his strokes. “UGH! FUCK! TAKE IT!”

“NO!” I screamed.

“Ohhh, Johnny. I’m cumming too...” Molly’s body began to shake under Johnny’s heavy frame.

My cock brushed my thigh and began to spurt out what little cum it had left.

“I’m filling...your fucking...wife...” Johnny panted, holding himself balls deep as the entirety of his seed spilled inside. He nibbled at her bruised tits, kissing the spots he’d struck. He popped a nipple in his mouth and Molly’s legs went wild.

“I’m cumming again,” she said, Johnny still deep within her.

As she shook beneath him, Johnny sat up on his knees. He began to slowly dislodge his member from Molly’s wrecked cunt. When his length was halfway out, I spotted a thick stream of it running out and down her asscrack. When at last he pulled the head from her, a fat gob of white cream coated her gaped entrance.

“Would you look at that,” he began, “look at that fucking load in your wife.”

Johnny spread her pink lips and gave me a full view. His spunky mess, impossibly large, brewing in my wife. It oozed out slow like lava, coating her lips and crack.

“Only one way to stop her from getting pregnant with my kid, Franky boy...”

“No...I can’t...” I tried to leave.

“Franklin,” Molly called sweetly, “come over here baby. Come clean me up.”

“Come clean your wife, cuck!”

In a dream I floated across the room and got between my wife’s legs. I felt Johnny’s rough hand on the back of my head as he shoved me forward. I tasted his seed. My tongue went deep and cum slid down my throat as I slurped and sucked.

“Good little Franklin,” he said. “Good fucking beta!”

5.



The plane was bound for Los Angeles for a short layover before we headed to Hawaii for the honeymoon. It was only twelve hours since I had witnessed the most humiliating event of my life, and shockingly, Molly had said nothing on the matter.

I was too ashamed to even bring it up.

“What’s first when we land, babe?” she asked, sitting a little awkwardly in her seat. She was hunched at a weird angle, careful not to put too much pressure on her tender buttohole.

“Spam?” I smiled, bringing my vodka tonic to my mouth.

“Have fun with that,” she laughed, kissing my cheek.

An hour passed, then another. We spoke intermittently and almost always about nothing at all. My mind wandered as I looked out at the clouds and the perfect squares of Kansas landscape below. I ordered another vodka, Molly another glass of wine.

“So...are we going to talk about it, Franklin?”

“If we have too, I guess...”

“Anything you want to say? Anything you...need to say?”

I thought on this a while, letting the minutes pass. Molly returned her gaze to her book and picked up where she’d left off. I downed my drink.

“Well, I am curious...” I started.

“Yes, honey?” her green eyes sparkled with the sunlight pouring through the plane window, her fair freckles cute and perfectly placed.

“You said you found him at the bar?”

“Yes...”

“You couldn’t have been there long. What, five minutes? Maybe ten?”

“OK?”

“Well...how Molly? How did he seduce you so quickly? How did you go from being pissed off at me, to meeting Johnny in a bar for a few minutes to...well...to...”

“To Johnny putting his dick in my ass?”

“Well...yea...”

“Do you remember that day you told me about Johnny, honey? About your ex-girlfriends?”

I thought back to the day she was referring to. I had gotten good and drunk at dinner just to muster the courage to tell her about it. To try and explain the dynamic of Johnny and I’s friendship and that when I said it was “weird”, I meant it.

“Yeah, sure I do. So what?”

“Do you remember the part about Tina? Your first, or his first of yours?”

Tina’s sexy face drifted across my mind, a brief image of her on her knees in front of Johnny.

“You were lying in bed, staring at the ceiling, holding back tears,” she continued, “so taken with that memory...you described it in such minute detail. Then you talked about Sarah, and Rebecca and the others. Do you remember?”

“Yes, I remember but so what? What’s that got to do with anything?”

“You were so caught up in that story that you didn’t bother to even look at me, sweetie. If you had you would have seen me...well, touching myself.”

“What?”

“I came twice listening to you talk about it, Franklin. You had no idea. But it was you and those stories that created a...a fantasy for me. After that night, after the look in your eyes when you told me, it was all I could think about.”

“So...”

“So, I found Johnny on Facebook. Went through his photos. I developed a crush on him, Franklin. It was inevitable.”

“Jesus fucking Christ,” I raised my hand to the flight attendant and shook my empty drink at her.

“Don’t be mad, Franklin. We’re way beyond that now, aren’t we?”

I shrugged.

“The point is...if it didn’t happen last night, it would have happened eventually. Not because I needed Johnny’s dick in me, babe...but because you needed Johnny’s dick in me.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I asked, trying to act surprised.

“You’re still going to pretend, honey?”

“Pretend what?”

“I won’t say it out loud if you won’t,” she brought her wine back to her lush lips and sipped long and slow.

The flight attendant brought my fourth drink over with concern but left me two extra mini bottles, so she didn’t have to be bothered with coming back every five minutes. I dumped them both into my cup of melted ice and sipped eagerly.

“Is that it, then? Is it over between you two?” I asked her.

“If that’s what you want, honey. Of course,” She didn’t look up from her novel.

“Well, I didn’t say that...”

“I won’t say it if you don’t.”

She kissed me softly. The plane roared west. Somewhere down below, Johnny was booking a flight to Hawaii.

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*-Dex*